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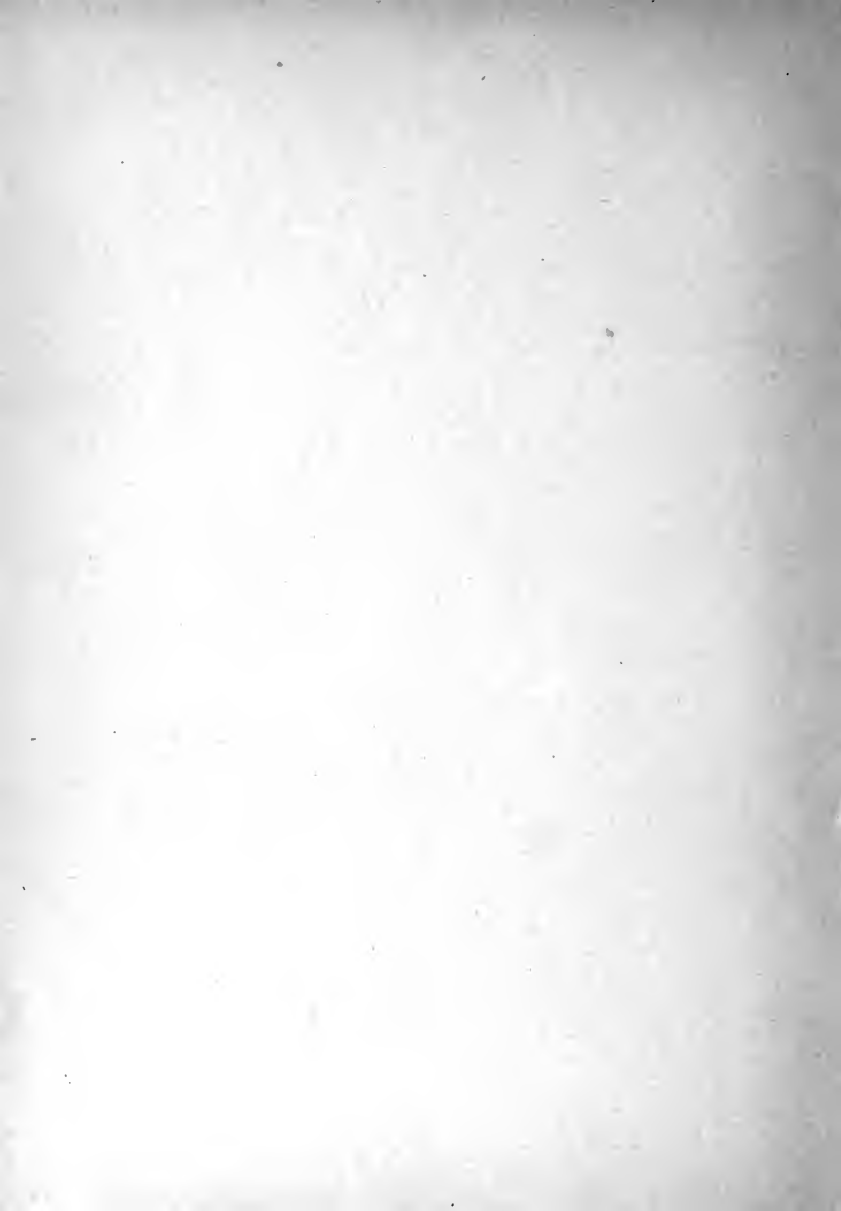
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The Author in his wheel chair.

SMALL POTATOES

BY

FLOYD ISBELL



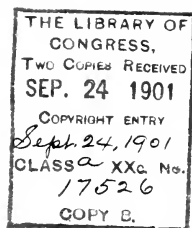
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1901

THE SMALL POTATOES
GIES & COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y.

1901

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BUFFALO, N. Y.



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INTRODUCTION.

Whatever may be the achievements of the Twentieth Century—and all indications show that they will be wonderful—there will always be those who, by their enterprise and genius along chosen lines, start wide ripples of fame in all directions upon the sea of life, and also those whose best efforts in the same lines are only rewarded by a slight tremor on the surface, or not at all. When a man discovers, after exhausting every effort, that he can not occupy a high place among his fellowmen; that the hopes and ambitions of his youth are not to be realized; in short, that the ideal towards which he has striven is beyond his power of attainment, he should not consider this fact to be humiliating. For as there have always been the high and the low, the rich and the poor, among mankind, so there has always been the man who can perform great deeds and the one who is only capable of small things.

So, in publishing this little book of commonplace poems, I know that it is not liable to attract the attention of the public in general; but if it finds its way into the homes of some of my friends, whose many kindnesses I have known and appreciated hitherto, where it may serve as a remembrance of me in years to come, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

Introduction.

In casting about for a title, I have endeavored to find one that would convey, in the most original language possible, what I think to be the relative importance of this little book, and have been able to hit upon nothing that seems to be more appropriate than "Small Potatoes."

We know that in the spring the farmer chooses the spot on his farm which, in his judgment, is his very best "potato land," and mellows the soil to the best of his ability with plow and harrow ; then he plants the kind of seed which, he thinks, will raise the best crop of potatoes. After spending a large amount of toil and care upon them while they are growing, it often happens that when harvest time comes he has nothing to show for his trouble but small potatoes.

So with these few poems. No matter how carefully the subjects may have been chosen or what hopes and aspirations may have attended that choice ; no matter how much thought may have been expended upon their preparation, they have turned out after all to be nothing but "Small Potatoes."

Not having been written with the intention of ever appearing in book form, these poems follow no connected line of thought, as may be seen. Nearly all of them have appeared from time to time during the past few years in the *Buffalo Evening News*, and having been encouraged by a ready acceptance and prompt insertion in the columns of that well known and popular paper, I have been led to suppose that they possessed some little merit, at least.

Introduction.

We often hear people say that at some time of their lives—in getting an education, for instance—they were thrown upon their own resources ; but while those resources consist of health and strength they should not consider their stock in the blessings of life to be limited, by any means. It is only the one who is thrown upon his own resources, and, besides, has not these blessings to rely upon, who can truthfully say that he is at the last extremity ; for there are very few opportunities open to one in this condition.

I have been an invalid for a number of years, but, fortunately, do not belong to the class of people who are constantly bewailing their lot in life and who find time for nothing else. Instead, I have tried in a great many ways to discover the means to occupy my mind and help pass the long hours. The poems contained herein are partly the result of that endeavor.

In conclusion, I trust that all those who know the purpose for which this book has been published and understand the circumstances surrounding the life of the author will take an interest in “Small Potatoes.”

Of these lines may lack that jingle
Which should prove the poet true ;
Kindly overlook this failing,
In my life 'tis wanting, too.

CATTARAUGUS, July, 1901.

F. I.

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Our Bennie with the Rest.

'T WAS just a few short years ago, one sunny April day
We all assembled on the green to speed upon
their way

A company of soldier boys, who at their country's call,
Had volunteered to go and help to cause the tyrant's
fall.

Our nation had decided to respond to Cuba's plea,
And on that day we sent our share to set the island free.
My wife and I stood in the crowd and watched them as
they passed,

And many were the fond good-byes that after them were
cast,

And we, too, shared the sadness which that spring day
filled each breast,

For in the ranks went Bennie—our Bennie—with the
rest.

Our Bennie with the Rest.

And in those files of soldier boys was not a likelier lad
Than Bennie was that April day—at least so thought his
dad.

His eyes were bold and bright with hope, to him the
world was new ;

His figure was erect and tall, his heart was always true.
Our hopes were placed on Bennie, it was hard to let
him go ;

He was the staff we leaned upon, our steps were get-
ting slow.

But the call had come for noble men and Bennie could
not stay,

He thought his country's claims were first, we would
not say him nay,

And sadly then we watched them go (in blue they all
were dressed),

And in our sadness mingled pride—for Bennie with the
rest.

Our Bennie with the Rest.

They went by train to Southern parts, and in a few
days more

Had sailed across the water and were left on Cuba's
shore ;

And many of those noble boys who landed there that
day

Had left behind, as Bennie had, their parents, old and
gray,

To mourn and watch, as we had done, for tidings of our
boy.

We heard from him occasionally, but naught to cause
us joy :

He said a dreadful pestilence was raging through that
land,

That many of his brave comrades had felt its deadly
hand.

And when we prayed at morn and night, we offered the
request

That God would guard those soldier boys—our Bennie
with the rest.

Our Bennie with the Rest.

And then we waited anxiously for further news of him,
We scanned each paper eagerly until our eyes grew dim.
At last we read one day about a bloody battle fought,
'Twas victory for the boys in blue, but with lives it had
been bought.

And as we searched the paper for the news that had
been sent,

We learned that in the van that day was Bennie's
regiment.

It told how they had faced the storm of bullets meant
to kill,

And many served their purpose at the charge of San
Juan Hill,

And of our village boys we read, with doubt and fear
oppressed,

That many had been killed that day—our Bennie with
the rest.

Our Bennie with the Rest.

Our Bennie dead? Our greatest fear had now been
realized,

And life seemed scarce worth striving for without the
the boy we prized ;

But while we mourned him bitterly, our grief was part
consoled

To know he did his duty, for that's what the papers
told.

And we had thought to spend our days in comfort with
our boy,

But now this fatal news had come to all our hopes de-
stroy.

Of the boys that left with Bennie, some returned with
muffled drum,

Half-hopefully we watched the lines, but Bennie didn't
come.

I think that up in heaven there are standing with the
blest

Those boys who fell at San Juan—our Bennie with the
rest.

An Old-Fashioned Sleigh Ride.

WHEN the bits of frost are dancing in the quiet winter
air,
Floating with a cold, clear lustre, sparkling, gleaming
everywhere,
And the moon, now slowly peeping o'er the distant
eastern hill,
Sheds its light on fields of whiteness lying calm and
cold and still ;
And the road so white and frozen, beaten smooth by
heavy feet,
Stretching out into the distance, seems to beckon and
to greet—
Then 'tis happiness complete to jump into an open sleigh,
And with friends of youth and gladness to the country
speed away.

An Old-Fashioned Sleigh Ride.

Out, far out, to where with snowbanks on both sides
the road is lined,

And all thoughts of care and toil are, with the village,
left behind.

Naught we care that chilly winter has all nature in its
hold ;

That the very air is glistening all about us with the cold ;
That the horses rushing onward, seem to breathe out
clouds of steam,

Or that white fields in the moonlight scintillate with
diamonds' gleam ;

For the sleigh is full of blankets, there are robes of
warmth and size,

And the girls are wrapped so closely nothing shows but
laughing eyes.

Health asserts its full dominion, gladness blooms upon
each lip,

And the blood of youth goes tingling into every finger
tip.

An Old-Fashioned Sleigh Ride.

'Tis no time for drooping spirits, painful thoughts are
put to flight,

And are left far in the distance on this matchless moon-
light night. •

We have passed the village limits and the peaceful
farms begin,

And the lights from farmhouse windows show the pleas-
ant scenes within ;

Gliding by with song and laughter, and with many a
merry shout,

We can see the inmates coming to the doors and peep-
ing out.

But the hours have passed too quickly and 'tis time to
turn around,

So we send the horses flying on the journey homeward
bound.

Talk of "poetry of motion," we have found that very
thing

In this old sleigh gliding onward like a bird upon the
wing ;

An Old-Fashioned Sleigh Ride.

And the houses as we pass them now are still, and all is
dark,

Nothing greets us from the silence save the watch dog's
savage bark.

Soon the village streets are entered and we reach our
homes once more,

Glad for such a time of pleasure, sorry that the ride is
o'er.

The Old Songs Are the Best.

ALL like to hear the new songs sung,
They're filled with pleasant rhymes,
And make the world seem much more bright
When set to tuneful chimes ;
But soon they lose their power to charm
And soothe the human breast,
Then, after all, we seem to think
The old songs are the best.

For we may hear the new songs sung
In tones both low and sweet ;
But still we cannot yield to them
That high and honored seat
Which old songs hold within our hearts :
They cheer us when oppressed ;
And so we wish to say to all
We like the old songs best.

The Old Songs Are the Best.

We can't forget the old songs,
The new ones come and go,
And cannot stand the test of time
With calm and steady glow ;
But the old, old songs can never die,
They each time seem more blessed,
And that's one reason why we say
The old songs are the best.

The old folks like to hear again
The songs they knew when young,
It makes them think of other days
When they those songs have sung ;
And when you wish to cheer with song
Just sing at our request
Those songs whose lustre never fades—
The old songs are the best.

The Paper from Home.

Oh, the paper from home, how we love to receive it
When traveling far from our life's dearest spot ;
We search through its pages and never will leave it
Till we learn all its news, with a great deal that's
not.

Some statements therein may bring laughter and glad-
ness,
Some witty remark or a joke on a friend,
While news of a dear one's misfortune or sadness
May cause us our sympathies quickly to send.

But one not familiar with names and with places
Most surely would find its page dull to peruse ;
And could not know the visions which memory traces
And calls to our thoughts by its most welcome news.

The Paper from Home.

For who could rejoice with becoming elation,
But one whom his fancy to home scenes has led,
To read in its columns the grand information
That good "Deacon Jones has his barn painted
red" ?

Who cares when its tidings have set us to dreaming
Of some friend's success, in whose honors we share ;
That such items as this in its pages are beaming :
"Just step into Blank's for your spring under-
wear" ?

Or perchance some account may attract our attention
Which brings the old place to our minds nearer
still ;
But down at the bottom this fact it may mention :
"We wish you would call in and pay up your bill."

Some papers take pride in a style rich and glowing,
They wield a great power for good in the land ;

The Paper from Home.

But we take the first look at the one with the showing
More modest and plain—perhaps turned out by
hand.

Its tidings are welcome as springtime and flowers,
They turn our thoughts homeward wherever we
roam ;

Its pages to cheer us have wonderful powers—
Glad messages bearing, the paper from home.

Between the Lines.

THERE'S a phantom sort of writing
Which is much in use to-day,
To express a shade of meaning
Different from what we say.
You may think it is not easy
To accomplish such designs,
But the plan is very simple :
Write it in between the lines.

Not with words express this meaning,
Let the written lines suggest
That some thoughts from them are lacking,
And your friend may guess the rest.
If with you he's well acquainted,
To your inmost thought inclines,
He will find the magic secret
And will read between the lines.

Between the Lines.

Letters full of grief and sadness
Often reach us by the way,
Which, if hastily read over,
All our happiness would slay.
If we ponder them more slowly,
We may know the sun still shines;
May receive some thoughts of comfort
If we read between the lines.

When a young man sends a letter
To the girl whom he adores,
Asking her that old, old question
And an answer soon implores,
He should not despair too quickly
If his offer she declines,
He may find a "yes"—or nearly—
Hidden in between the lines.

Between the Lines.

Through a simple form of language

Master thoughts are apt to gleam,

Proving true the well-known saying

That "things are not what they seem."

And a lofty style of phrases,

Oft with motives base combines ;

Diverse are the secret tidings

We may find between the lines.

Expansion.

EXPANSION, some think, must be a new word,
Just coined for this special occasion,
And that, in our language, 'twas ne'er before heard—
At least, in our own beloved nation.

But e'er since our ancestors first paved the way,
Where other nations then landed,
Expansion has always been given full sway—
We have grown, or might say, expanded.

Yes, we've grown till we're second to no other nation,
And no other nation so free ;
Where our flag goes, there goes education,
Far away to the isles of the sea.

From a few little settlements down on the coast,
Till we spread now from shore to shore ;
We may call that expansion, 'tis no vain boast,
Now we reach o'er the sea for more.

Expansion.

Our nation is growing in every line known—
In commerce, intelligence, too—
And now may the good seed by industry sown
Bring forth fruit the whole world through.

'Tis not for the mere sake of showing our might
That we place those isles in subjection ;
'Tis to grant them the strong arm of goodness and right,
And from tyranny give them protection.

In the van of the nations we forward shall go,
Let none check our onward advance ;
Our progressive spirit, which makes us to grow,
Will our glory and honor enhance.

Expansion's a good thing if rightly it's used,
And its enemies should not forget
That our Uncle Sam will not see it abused,
And he ne'er failed in anything yet.

The True Alliance.

WITH England we talk of alliance
As a thing diplomatically gained ;
And we think, to give more reliance,
It must be, on paper, maintained.

But I think the alliance most needed
Is one which already exists ;
In the hearts of the people 'tis seeded,
And of friendship and love it consists.

A child needs no treaty with mother,
To grant him the strength of her might ;
'Tis love that controls him—none other
Can uphold him in paths that are right.

The True Alliance.

So with England, there's no arbitration
Can cause her to be our true friend ;
But, when menaced by some other nation,
On her we can always depend.

Her friendship at times may seem chilling,
For reasons that to her seem right ;
But when danger surrounds us she's willing
To back up our strength with her might.

Treaties may sometimes be broken,
But that friendship which we cannot spurn
Has need of no kind of token—
That love we should try to return.

Driving Home the Cows.

YOU may talk about the springtime,
And the birds that sing so sweet,
And the waking voice of nature—
That, of course, is hard to beat ;
But the sound to cheer a troubled soul,
And his feelings to arouse,
Is to hear the farm boy's cheerful voice
When he's driving home the cows.

If, perhaps, you have not slept well,
And your spirits sinking low,
Till there's naught you think can raise them,
That's the time you're glad to know
That there's someone who is happy,
In whose life no care allows—
From the fields his voice comes floating
As the boy drives home the cows.

Driving Home the Cows.

In the evening, as you wonder
 What that boy can be about,
And you call him, loud and louder
 Then, in answer, comes a shout
From the distant hill-top yonder,
 Where the peaceful cattle browse ;
Soon his clear young voice is ringing,
 As he's driving home the cows.

When you're hunting 'round for blossoms,
 And for sights and sounds of spring,
With a critic's view of nature,
 Judging roughly everything,
Call not any sound the sweetest,
 And on nothing stake your vows,
Till you hear those happy, joyous notes,
 As the boy drives home the cows.

Planning for the Fourth.

THEY'RE goin' to celebrate the Fourth again this year
in town,

And I've about decided that I'll hitch up and go down;
For all the crops are doin' fine, although they're needin'
rain,

But things are sure to turn out right—that's why we
can't complain.

And so I think to spend a day on which to celebrate
The founding of a nation that has grown so rich and
great

Will teach a man to do his best and fill his heart with
cheer,

Which makes his toil seem lighter and will last through-
out the year.

And so I'll drop the cares of life and simply run away
And reach town bright and early, 'fore the band begins
to play.

The hired man's been workin' for a week 'most every
night

To wash and clean the buggy and to rub the harness
bright ;

He's goin' to take his girl, I guess, to help him cele-
brate,

And I shan't blame him any if he gets home rather late.
For I have been right there myself, and recall each
moonlight trip

I've taken with my sweetheart with the lines around the
whip.

So I'll take the three-spring wagon, and my team that's
good and true,

And decorate the harness with the old Red, White and
Blue,

And we all shall be most happy when we start upon our
way

And arrive in time to cheer 'em when the band begins
to play.

Planning for the Fourth.

And when we pass along the streets, all decked with
colors fair,

We'll catch the spirit of the day that's floatin' in the
air ;

I spent the Fourth there when a boy, and shot fire-
crackers then,

My wife 'll have to watch me or I'll do the same again.

We'll meet with friends and relatives we have not seen
for years,

And talk about the crops and things, our hopes and
doubts and fears,

And now and then we'll take the children 'round to
where they sell

The lemonade and peanuts which they all enjoy so well.

And this is all enjoyment in a quiet sort of way,

But we can't control our feelings when the band begins
to play.

Planning for the Fourth.

For then the crowd will all break loose and those
resounding cheers

Will prove that tunes we loved when young have not
grown old with years.

We'll watch the races and parade, and hear the speakers,
too,

And cheer them as they tell about the country grand
and true.

There'll be fireworks in the evening, which, of course,
we cannot miss,

And weariness will vanish when we hear the rockets hiss.

And after that is over we will bid our friends good-bye,

With hopes to meet them all again the Fourth of next
July.

Each tired face will be happy as we homeward wend our
way,

When everything is quiet and the band has ceased
to play.

The Old Chunk Stove.

THERE is one thing I miss in these days of advancement,

And their number grows smaller with each passing year,

For the touches of time seem to change most completely
Those things which we hold in our memories most dear.

I speak of the stoves that were used by our fathers,
When the forests were handy and country was new;
That stove glowing red-hot with winter winds howling
Is a picture from childhood that comes to my view.

It was made of sheet-iron, and not meant for beauty,
Or to serve as a dazzling creation of art ;
But it answered the purpose for which 'twas intended,
And was ever a source of good cheer to the heart.

The Old Chunk Stove.

For the comfort and joy from that stove radiating,
As we sat in its genial rays, cheerful and warm,
Defied gloomy thoughts and all sorrow and trouble
As it roared in defiance of winter and storm.

It was dented and marred by its long years of service,
And was minus one leg (though supplied by a brick),
But merely for heat, from all stoves of creation,
That dingy old sheet-iron stove I would pick.

And a pleasure not known in these days of invention,
And new ways of heating, except by a few,
Is to come home from work, chilled through by the
weather,
And to hear that stove roar as if welcoming you.

The stove that I speak of is long since disabled,
Has ceased its activities, gone from our sight ;
But the fond recollections which cling round about it,
Shall dwell in our memories and always be bright.

The Old Chunk Stove.

And its crackle and sputter on long winter evenings

All chill and discomfort from the house quickly
drove ;

So I say there has naught been discovered for heating
Could equal that dingy old sheet-iron stove.

Cattaraugus—1901.

OUR village is a-growin' fast—
Whenever I go down
It seems, by jinks ! that I have struck
A mighty lively town.
The hitchin' posts are always full,
And from the busy streets
The dry-goods boxes all are gone
We used to use fer seats.

And when I leave my horses stand
To go into a store,
They hain't no cause to wander off
And leave me any more,
Fer now the tender, temptin' grass
That used to wave so green
Along our streets in summer time
Is nowhere to be seen.

The weekly paper of to-day

Was tellin' where and how

Our "city" needs improvements—

They call it "city" now.

I guess they had to stretch the facts

In statin' it so plain ;

But then it shows our longin's,

Though we may long in vain.

Electric lights? we've got them,

And they make the finest show

From the hills to watch them gleamin'

In the village down below ;

And the moon looks kinder sickly,

Like he didn't have no rights

Where he used to be most welcome,

Since we got electric lights.

As I came down the other night

I stopped and, from the hill,

Looked o'er the village at my feet
 So quiet-like and still,
When strains of sweetest music
 From the valley seemed to 'rise,
That echoed from the hills around
 Up toward the starry skies.

First came some lively pieces
 Of the kind to thrill one through,
And then "Star Spangled Banner"—
 The tune that's always new.
I ain't so much fer sentiment,
 But that was somethin' grand ;
There's nothin' 'round to equal it,
 Our military band.

And I might mention with the rest
 How they propose to go
And build a great electric line
 From here to Buffalo.

I guess such things ain't dangerous,
 There's nothin' there to burst ;
But someone else may have my chance
 To ride the blamed thing first.

There's many things about this place
 That I won't try to tell ;
There's somethin' new 'most every day
 Which helps the list to swell.
In absent hearts a chord is touched
 That strong with rapture thrills
Upon receipt of news from home,
 The village in the hills.

The Winters We Used to Have.

Just a few days ago my mind wandered back
To my earlier days, which, a well beaten track,
Extends through my memory ; and what occurred then,
I'm sorry to think will ne'er happen again.
I thought how the winters were colder back there.
(I know better now, this to you I'll declare.)
I remember the snow fell so deep in those days,
That we oft had to break out the road with our sleighs.

But my wife says to me, " Don't you fear, Hezekiah,
You just get lots of wood for to keep a good fire,
For I know that the truth of the saying will hold,
If there's not so much snow it will make up with cold ;
For the goddess of nature, with scrupulous care,
Always sends what is best for our highest welfare."

The Winters We Used to Have.

And Mandy was right, as you later will see,
But I didn't think then that it ever would be
As cold as it was in those days long gone by,
When the mercury lowered and the snow was piled high.
But since that sharp day I will boast nevermore
Of the winters we had in the days now passed o'er.

Next morning the mercury registered ten
Below zero point, and it hadn't stopped then.
While the mercury dropped my old notions were ban-
ished,
In the cold wave that day from the Northwest they
vanished,
And now I am sorry I boasted so free
That the winters are milder than they used to be.

The Boy at the Grindstone.

How oft we recall things that happened in childhood,
And treasure their memories through vanishing
years ;

Some thoughts of our youth may bring smiles to our
faces

While others are laden with sorrow and tears.

It is one of the latter I now wish to speak of,

Most painfully vivid the thought comes to me
Of the hours that I spent, when a boy, at the grind-
stone—

The old creaking grindstone that stood 'neath the
tree.

The Boy at the Grindstone.

I remember that grindstone, its framework was wooden :

Its handle was iron, as I recollect well,

For it blistered my hands, made them worse with each
turning—

If that grindstone could speak, tales of anguish
'twould tell.

And it seemed that each day there were things wanted
grinding,

And I longed for the moment when I should be
free ;

All the boys had gone fishing, but I had to keep turning
That old creaking grindstone that stood 'neath the
tree.

To the scenes of my boyhood my mind often wanders,

And at leaving the farm I was filled with regret ;

But no tears did I shed upon leaving that grindstone,

For the suffering it caused me I could not forget.

The Boy at the Grindstone.

When I wished to go swimming or play ball or marbles,
 “Come, boy,” was the cry that most surely would
 be,

I knew what that meant, and would march like a major
 To turn the old grindstone that stood 'neath the
 tree

There would stand the hired man, with a big can of
 water,

And with knives in his hand from the mowing
 machine,

And while I turned the handle he poured on some
 water,

Then with all of his might on that grindstone
 would lean.

I love that old farm ; recollections are pleasing

As backward through years in my fancy I flee ;

But I heave not a sigh for that shaky old grindstone,

The creaking old grindstone that stood 'neath the
 tree.

The Boy at the Grindstone.

The poets have sung of the farmers so thrifty,
They're worthy of praises, as everyone knows,
But the boys whom the grindstones deprive of their
pleasures
Get no share of the credit which mankind bestows.
But all of those men who, as boys, knew the hardships
Endured at the grindstone will now join with me
In sending forth praise for the boy who is turning
The creaking old grindstone that stands 'neath the
tree.

The Boy in the Philippines.

As the dear friends and relatives gather once more, in
the old-fashioned, time-honored way,
In the homes of their childhood, to memory dear, on
the coming Thanksgiving Day,
A feeling of sadness will fill many breasts which was
not known one short year ago,
And the brightness and joy which on all faces gleam
will but cover the sorrow they know.
And each father and mother, with hair grown so white,
will stand there to greet every guest ;
While their fond, yearning eyes will scan vainly each
face, as the sighs which cannot be suppressed
Will arise for the boy who was with them last year, now
so far from these dear, home-like scenes,
Who is fighting to-day for his dearly-loved land, away
in the far Philippines.

The Boy in the Philippines.

For the tropical sun of the far Orient shines on many a
brave volunteer

Who on Thanksgiving Day will be sad when he thinks,
with the horrors of war so near,

That he cannot rejoice with the loved ones at home as
they peacefully gather around

To partake of the cheer of the bounteous year in the
place where life's comforts abound.

And in fancy he'll see, as he so often does, them all by
the fireside so bright,

And will hear as they speak of the boy who is gone as
far as the day from the night ;

His thoughts will commingle with theirs on that day,
though a deep, boundless sea intervenes,

And he knows that their prayers are ascending for him—
the boy in the Philippines.

The Boy in the Philippines.

And his father and mother will thank the good Lord
for the blessings of life they enjoy ;
But prosperity's joys would seem greater by far, if
shared with their dear absent boy.
They will speak of the day when they last saw their boy
as he marched from their hearing and sight,
For the cause of the flag, which he'd always been taught
was the emblem of justice and right.
Then they all will surround that old table again, as they
do in each bountiful year,
But in many a home they will miss one bright face—
one gay, boyish laugh they'll not hear.
And the old gray-haired father will offer his thanks for
the blessings recalled by these scenes,
And will pray that the Lord may return to them soon
the boy in the far Philippines.

The Husking Bee.

WHEN the sun's rays grow more slanting,
And the frost comes in the air,
And the dying breath of summer
Sheds a fragrance everywhere,
Then my soul is filled with longing
For the merriment and glee
Which awaits the end of harvest
And is called the husking bee.

For when the crops are gathered
In the barn in shining heaps,
And we know that 'neath each greenish coat,
In golden rows, there sleeps
The corn for which we labored,
Then we all can plainly see
That the time is fast approaching
To have our husking bee.

The Husking Bee.

We invite the young men all to come

And bring their best girls, too,

For while the men are husking corn

There's work enough to do

To set the tables in the house,

Where all good things are free ;

Then all the men come from the barn

To eat—at the husking bee.

Then with dancing, songs and stories

They will pass the time away,

Till the old clock has to warn them

That ere long will come the day.

Then with sweetheart home you slowly stroll,

Nor care how far it be ;

She tells you, as you say good night,

She enjoyed the husking bee.

The Husking Bee.

You may talk of high-toned parties,
But I say they can't compare
With the joys we knew upon the farm
Where all were free from care ;
And those whose minds call back those times
I think will say with me,
That life can scarce be full without
A good old husking bee.

Thanksgivin' Day Till New Year's.

Thanksgivin' Day till New Year's, it's a jolly time
fer me,

Fer then all boys is happy, er I think they ought to be ;
O' course all holidays is nice ; we all enjoy 'em some,
But then we have to wait so long fer 'nother one to
come.

But when 'Thanksgivin' Day comes 'round an' pa an'
Uncle Bill

Are looking kinder sollum-like an' tell me to be still,
An' say I must be thankful fer the good things I enjoy ;
But ma says, " What can you expect o' jest a healthy
boy? "

Then I'm glad it ain't all over in one day 'at goes so
fast,

I like to think o' joys to come as well as 'em 'at's past.

Thanksgivin' Day Till New Year's

Fer Christmas Day is comin' soon, when somethin' in
the air

Won't let folks mind your mischief an' no one seems to
care

Jest how much noise an' racket you may make, fer
don't you see,

They all are feelin' jolly, as well as boys like me.

O' course, us boys can't tell our thoughts in any kind
o' style

Like older folks ; but then I guess I'm thankful all the
while,

Because through all Thanksgivin' Day I never can forget
That other days is comin' soon fer boys 'at's better yet.
There ain't no time in all the year such holidays can send,
Thanksgivin' kinder leads the bunch with New Year's
at the end.

But I like Christmas best of all, fer all the rest in one
Can't make a holiday like that fer happiness an' fun ;

Thanksgivin' Day Till New Year's.

'Cause there is lots an' lots o' things 'sides what we
have to eat

'At makes that day a time fer boys 'at never can be
beat.

Fer my ma goes a-shoppin' downtown 'most every day
An' brings home lots o' bundles an' hides 'em all away
Where she don't think I'll find 'em, but I know jest
what she's got,

Fer I jest hid behind the door an' seen a stunnin' lot.
An' Christmas Day I'll act surprised at gettin' such a
sight,

But now I see 'em every day an' dream of 'em at night.

An' Sister Sue must think 'at I ain't got no sense er she
Would never try to tell that trash 'bout Santa Claus to me.
When I was jest a little boy I guess I b'lieved it then,
But stuff like that don't work no more with boys 'at's
almost ten.

Thanksgivin' Day Till New Year's.

I know who gives the presents an' I've found it always
pays

Fer boys to act their very best before the holidays.

An' if I had a lot more time why then I'd like to tell

Some more about these happy days 'at boys all like so
well ;

But now I guess I've said enough so anyone can see

Thanksgivin' Day till New Year's is a jolly time fer me.

The Farmer's View of Spring.

IN the spring the sturdy farmer
Does not dream of beauties rare,
Which the poet's idle vision
Places round him everywhere ;
Though, of course, he likes the glories
Which the spring throws in his way,
He always does the best he can
To make those beauties pay.

He does not spend his precious time
In praising springtime beauty ;
He has a soul alive to all,
But he does his simple duty.
His life is near to nature's heart,
His thoughts with nature blend ;
He knows that spring is but the means—
The harvest is the end.

The Farmer's View of Spring.

He likes to hear his green trees praised,

And the buds that forward shoot ;

Because he knows those little buds

Foretell the coming fruit.

He likes the golden sunshine,

The rain which Heaven drops ;

For all that nature sends will help

Mature his well-earned crops.

He likes to watch his meadows green,

And know that grass grows well ;

He thinks, perhaps, that in the fall,

He'll have some hay to sell.

He reads about the warbling birds,

He also likes their notes ;

But he worries more about the place

Where he'd better sow his oats.

The Farmer's View of Spring.

In short, the springtime beauties help

To cheer his honest heart ;

He'd find life dull without them

And the pleasures they impart ;

But he only seeks to use the time,

These happy days of spring,

So all his powers with nature joined

Shall bounteous harvest bring.

The Deserted Schoolhouse.

THE old country schoolhouse of childhood
Is standing deserted and still
In the lane where it joins with the highway,
At the foot of a long, sloping hill ;
And passing that way I noticed to-day
That the brook where at recess we played
Has quite disappeared, and the trees on its banks
Are gone, with their cool, pleasant shade.

No humming of glad youthful voices
Comes now through the wide-open door,
In harmony rising and falling,
While chanting the lessons o'er.
There are weeds growing over the door-step
Not beaten by hurrying feet,
And I saw through the dusty window
My old, well-remembered seat.

The Deserted Schoolhouse.

The chair where the teacher of old used to sit

And rule us with despotic sway,

Like an absolute monarch of eastern lands,

Is idle and useless to-day.

The stove seemed more rusty than ever,

And cobwebs hung low in the room ;

I fancied that playmates of childhood

Were greeting me out of the gloom.

I asked why the schoolhouse was idle,

And was told by a man living near

That they built a fine school in the village,

And they “took up the deestrick here.”

A grand and imposing brick building,

Reared up in the most modern way,

Has taken the old country schoolhouse

From all but our memories to-day.

The Deserted Schoolhouse.

I'm glad that the pathway of learning

Which the children of these days pursue

Has not many thorns with its roses—

Like the one that we had to pass through.

And I hope after years have sped onward

Their glimpses of childhood may be

As sweet as the ones that come racing

From out of the distance to me.

•

The Pumpkin that Grows with the Corn.

The praise of the melon has often been chanted,
Its beauty and flavor are splendid, we know ;
And the rich, juicy sweetness within each implanted
Makes a field of them ripened a most tempting
show.

But I speak of another with station more lowly,
Which often is used as an object of scorn,
And has never been granted the homage which wholly
Belongs to the pumpkin that grows with the corn.

It is not considered a fancy creation,
Or classed as a product of nature's best skill,
And its beauty has never called forth admiration
As it gleams in the sunshine away on the hill ;

The Pumpkin that Grows with the Corn.

But made into pies with a richness and splendor,
In tempting array for a Thanksgiving morn,
There's nothing a bountiful harvest can render
To equal the pumpkin that grows with the corn.

Its outward appearance in no way discloses,
As it lies in the cornfield half sunk in the earth,
The fact that within its bright coat there reposes
A sure, future prospect of goodness and worth.
And a good winter's store may be counted a treasure,
Which cannot be equalled, as sure as you're born ;
For 'tis ever a source of most genuine pleasure,
This dusky, brown pumpkin that grows with the corn.

It ever may hold the same humble position,
And never aspire to a more lofty height ;
Contented in nobly fulfilling its mission,
A blessing to all, that brings joy and delight.

The Pumpkin that Grows with the Corn.

And those who once taste of its goodness will never

Look down with a sneer on the pumpkin forlorn,

But will sound forth its praises and glory forever—

The plain, golden pumpkin that grows with the
corn.

The County Fair.

THE County Fair is comin' soon, and all the papers
state

The managers declare that they will make it somethin'
great ;

In fact, they say 'twill be the best they ever held, this
year ;

To anyone that's seen the bills that point is mighty
clear.

They're posted up on every barn between my place and
town,

I stopped and looked them over as I was comin' down.

Such horses and such cattle as them people advertise

I never saw, but 'twas a sight to please a farmer's eyes.

And hogs—I thought I had some ; but, I say, they
can't compare

In size with them the bills say will be at the County
Fair.

The County Fair.

The fair is held but once a year, and then they try to
show

The greatness of our people and the things that make
them so ;

And when our nation's prosperous, as we know it is just
now,

It makes the farmer happy ; and the good times, I allow,
Will make the fair successful ; and, without the slightest
doubt,

'Twill help along the party which has brought the
change about.

And in spite of people's ravin's, in tones so deep and
strong,

That unless we change our actions we'll surely all go
wrong,

This nation cannot go to smash nor run into a snare

Not while there's enterprise enough to hold a County
Fair.

The County Fair.

They'll have new-fangled farmin' tools, and make a
farmer smile

To see the way to do his work up in the latest style.

They've got so much machinery throughout this land of
late

A man might buy some every day and not be up-to-date.

And all that grows will be there, for its quality or size—

I took a pumpkin down last year and got the second
prize.

I heard a feller say one day, and he made it plain to all,

That the Pan-American next year would make our show
look small ;

And I don't know but what it will, but I for one don't
care,

I know we'll have a rousin' time down at the County
Fair.

The County Fair.

There'll be amusements there, you know, to please the
people all,

With horse and bicycle races, and a first-rate game of
ball ;

And there's somethin' quite excitin', which I'm liable
to ketch

When I see the horses strainin' every nerve along the
stretch.

The orators will praise the nation grand in accents loud,
And bands with lively music try to please the waiting
crowd.

And when the fair is over and all the pleasure past,
We'll be prouder of the country in which our lot is
cast.

Well, now, I must be goin', but I hope to see you
there—

You can't afford to miss the sights down at the County
Fair.

The Sugar-Snow.

IN March, when the winter is dying and the springtime
is drawing near,
And its splendors unfolding in beauty are soon in our
midst to appear,
And the patches of snow on the hillsides grow smaller
with each passing day,
As if the brown soil upward peeping were striving to
drive them away :
Then we eagerly look to the future, no sighs for the
winter that's past,
And we dread not the winds blowing fiercely (we are
certain that they cannot last),
And the snow that comes nearest to springtime quickly
melts 'neath the sunshine's glow—
'Tis the kind that we see gently falling and is known as
the "sugar-snow."

The Sugar-Snow.

It comes floating downward so slowly, with a motion
majestic and grand,

Like a vision of beauty from Heaven to brighten this
dreary old land.

And the flowers which have waited so calmly for the
long, chilly winter to pass

Will shrink at the sight, in despair, farther down in the
frost-bitten grass.

But soon they revive and grow fearless, rising upward to
greet the warm light

When the sun riding high in the heavens disperses the
mantle of white ;

Then the farmer has everything ready and is eagerly
waiting to go

To start up his work in the sap-bush at the sight of the
first "sugar-snow."

The Sugar-Snow

When the first birds of springtime are chirping, inspired
by the soft southern breeze,

And the life-giving fluid of nature is leaping aloft in the
trees,

The men, through the fast-falling snow flakes, go to tap
the great maples once more,

Which have yielded their bounty of sweetness full many
a season before.

And all the day the warm snow falls so thickly and
steadily down

One can hardly see the tree-tops as they stand so bare
and brown,

And the children all enjoy it, for they always seem to
know

That 'tis time for maple sugar, when they see the
“sugar-snow.”

A Lesson in Contentment.

THE farmer sat by his kitchen fire, his head upon his hands,

And the fire-light gleamed on his once dark hair, now streaked with silver bands.

His wife was sitting near him and on her face there showed

A sort of discontented look ; 'twas plain she had her load

Of tiresome cares, as well as he, although without a word
She bore her lot and no complaint from out her soul
was heard.

* * *

At length the farmer raised his head and said to her :

“ Dear wife,

There's something I would like to say pertaining to our life.

It's something I have thought about for days and weeks
agone ;

It scarcely let me sleep at night and began again at
dawn.

'Tis this: we've lived upon this farm for nearly thirty
years ;

Life's pleasures have been scarce, you know, not so its
storms and fears.

Our children all have left us ; we're alone here, you
and I,

And I think that we should take a rest before our time
to die.

I'm tired of endless labor and I think that you are, too ;
We've got some money in the bank— enough to last us
through—

So let us hire the farm work done and buy a place in
town

Where we'll be happy once again, no cares to weigh
us down.

A Lesson in Contentment.

What say you, wife, do you agree to all that I have
said?

If so, we'll leave this life of toil and enjoy ourselves
instead."

His wife laid down her knitting and raised her care-
worn face,

On which now shone a brighter look, and in her eye a
trace

Of tears of joy which told as plain as any words could
do

That with her husband she agreed and accorded with
his view.

Said she: "Dear John, I'm glad to hear you speak of
that which I

Have thought and prayed about so long, and wept o'er
on the sly.

I think that life has pleasures yet for such as you and I
Who always tried to do the right, and before the end
draws nigh

A Lesson in Contentment.

We'll have our share of happiness. Of course, we'll
miss the farm,
But country life has lost for us its old-time happy charm,
And so with you I am agreed and think it's for the
best
That we should leave this life of toil and take the
needed rest."

* * *

And thus it was agreed, and the happy farmer went
To town next day and bought a house, with heart now
well content.
The house was small and seemed to be just suited for
those two ;
They seemed to think when they moved in that life
would start anew.
But soon they found that happiness, if they could find
it here,
Was bought at much too great a price—had cost all that
was dear.

A Lesson in Contentment.

They learned that in a city, with its noise and busy
strife,

Cannot be found that peacefulness which fills a country
life.

With all the toil and trouble there, the comfort they had
known

Was great. Amid the city's hum they still were sad and
lone.

The farmer walked about the house, he knew not what
to do ;

He had no chores to tend to now. His honest face and
true

Soon lacked the old-time, healthy glow ; his wife,
grown poor and weak,

Had lost the usual bloom of health from off her care-
worn cheek.

After due deliberation, they decided back to go
To where their hearts had ever been ; and, in a day or
so,
They moved away from city life. It was a spring-like
day
When with hearts of happiness and joy they spied from
far away
Their absent home ; it loomed up now upon a distant
hill,
A sight to make their fond old hearts with new vibra-
tions thrill ;
And as they crossed the threshold of their early home
that day,
The looks of gloom and sadness from their faces sped
away.

* * *

That night the happy farmer sat, when all his work was
done,
Beside the same old kitchen fire, his face beamed like
the sun.

A Lesson in Contentment.

Said he : “ Well, wife, I’m glad we’re back, and discontent no more

Shall come to mar our happy lives, as it has done before.

Let those who do not care to try a peaceful farming life

Go make their fortunes in the town—they will not mind
its strife ;

But such as you and I, dear wife, who thirty years have
been

Accustomed to a quiet life, we could not stand the din.

Till death much comfort we will take, we’ve found
life’s happy charm ;

We’ll always be contented now, no more we’ll leave the
farm.”

A Letter to a Friend.

DEAR FRIEND :—

Your very welcome letter has reached me all

O. K.,

And I think that I will answer on this very pleasant day.

As I have time in plenty and might be doing worse,

I will gather up my scattered wits and write to you in
verse.

And if I lack for ready words to make a proper rhyme,

Don't tell it, please, and I will make it right some other
time.

I was very glad to hear from you, and always am, you
know ;

Your letters seem to speed the hours which sometimes go
so slow.

A Letter to a Friend.

As a whisper floats on the evening air, when all is calm
and still,

So a letter goes from friend to friend with tokens of
good will.

I am glad to know that you are still so full of animation
And speed so smoothly on your way to gain an educa-
tion.

Like a soldier in a battle, if one wins success in life,
He must never lose his courage, never shrink from any
strife ;

For this old world is a tug of war and the one who wins
the fight

Is the one who keeps a cheerful heart and dares to do
the right.

Of course, I speak of others, no allusions to myself,
For I am side-tracked in the race and laid upon the
shelf ;

But those like you, with good health blest and spirits
 keeping pace,
Should find no time for failure—be successful in the
 race.

You ask me how I get along with Cæsar ; I will say
That I am still progressing—some two pages every day.
And when I find translation hard you easily can guess
I lose my temper, drop the book and—do a good deal
 less.

But I don't find much trouble now, I guess I'm past the
 worst,

The boys all say the Second Book is easier than the
 First.

A friend was up not long ago and quickly made quite
 plain

The places I had marked and sought to translate, but in
 vain.

Some seem to think that I could pass, if I would only
try,

A regents' Cæsar paper and increase my counts thereby.

But I'll let good enough alone ; some think I'm doing
well,

So I'll not disappoint them and not their hopes
dispel.

For if I tried and failed to pass, as you can plainly see,
They might lose their good opinion and have the laugh
on me.

And perhaps I'm like so many, who seem always at their
best

Until some trying circumstance shall put them to the
test.

So I'll advance—not backwards, as the Dutchman said,
you know—

And when I've finished Cæsar why I'll then start
Cicero.

A Letter to a Friend.

Perhaps that will be better ; you will find out when you
try

That Cæsar with his marches, talks and fights is pretty dry.
But whatever I am doing when your year of school is
through

If I have not forgotten all will read it o'er with you.

The winter has seemed long to me, but soon will glide
away

And the warmth will seem more grateful when it con-
quers in the fray ;

But I long to have the spring come, and to watch the
flowers arise,

And to feel the sun beam warmly from the ever brighten-
ing skies.

Well, now, I think it's time to close this disconnected
letter,

And send it out just as it is for want of something
better.

A Letter to a Friend.

I often think of you, old boy, though miles may intervene,

And hope that naught our friendship may ever come between.

From afar I'll watch your progress—'tis the best that I can do—

And good will is the only gift I can freely offer you.

There's nothing new that happens in the town or 'round about,

But what you hear as soon as I, without the slightest doubt.

Your brother drops in now and then, and when the weather's fair

He takes me out to see the sights and get the good, fresh air.

A Letter to a Friend.

I hope the nap that you have had while reading through
this rhyme

Will do you good : now write me soon as you can spare
the time.

And, as I said before but failed, I'll now this letter end,
And sign myself, with best regards, your ever sincere
friend.

Trial*s* of Sugar Time.

I spent a week upon a farm—'twas maple sugar time—
And what occurred while I was there I'll try to tell
in rhyme.

The farmer, in experience, was old, though young in
years ;

In farming ways was skillful, but he had some doubts
and fears

'Bout making maple sweetness ; he had not learned that
trade,

And of success, which all foretold, was a little bit afraid.

But his friends all pleaded with him (they calculated
well

To help him out on any which, perchance, he could
not sell).

Trials of Sugar Time.

And so he went to town and bought a wagon-load or so
Of spouts and buckets and the like, and a tin pan long
and low,

To place upon an arch and boil the sap down in the
wood,

To save the women in the house as much work as he
could.

He tapped the bush (three hundred trees or more than
that, I guess),

And the farmer's bright and ruddy face now shone with
happiness.

He liked this kind of work, he said (his trials had not
begun,

And soon the work grew tiresome-like, which at first
seemed just like fun).

The sap ran well a day or two, 'twould soon the buckets
fill,

And the farmer went to gather it, with strong and reso-
lute will.

The bush was high on a mountain side, the snow was
three feet deep,

And up some places on that hill a man could hardly
creep.

At first the farmer built a fire in the arch which he had
bought

(And the loss of brows and moustache to a man like
him was naught);

Then with two pails he started up the hill to gather sap,
And coming back he stepped upon some ice and fell
—ker-slap!

He slipped and fell, as I have said, naught could his
progress check,

Three quarts of liquid sweetness floated calmly down his
neck;

But he stayed and faced the music, and boiled that sap
all down,

And then he took it to the house, his face without a
frown.

His good wife scarcely knew him, his face had got so
black,

And the only shirt which he possessed was stuck fast to
his back.

Next day it got much colder, and the syrup he had
brought

Was cleansed from all the cinders, soot and dirt which
it had caught.

On that farm, the only question that was heard from sun
till sun,

Was about that maple syrup, or when again the sap
would run.

They had eleven gallons, and the farmer figured up
Just what, so far, it cost him to drink that sweetened
cup.

He found that as he balanced up his cash book on that
day,

The sap-bush was his debtor still, for more than it could
pay.

Of course, he'd get the money part ; but he found out to
his cost

That one thing it could ne'er return, that is—a mous-
tache lost.

But time would make that right again ; though from
that awful day,

The farmer's wife had noticed that his hair was turning
gray.

And soon he went about his work ; this decision he had
made

That to his farming he would 'tend and quit the sugar
trade.

On Life's Border We Stand.

(The following poem was written at the request of the Class of 1899, Cattaraugus High School, and was read by one of its members at the annual Class Day Exercises of that year)

AT this time when all things are rejoicing,
And the birds, their glad sentiments voicing,
Seem joyously striving to greet us ;
From a life with its duty and also its pleasure
We come, and our hearts leap with joy beyond measure
As our friends come with welcomes to meet us.

And now, as each one of our class sadly severs
His life from the scenes of his youthful endeavors,
Which were spent in conforming to rule ;
All the glamor and brightness of life seem departing
As our boat on the broad, restless current is starting,
And our school life is merged in life's school.

On Life's Border We Stand.

As the leaves and the flowers in the springtime unfolding—
Which the goddess of nature in splendor is molding,
 To gladden each struggling heart—
Need the sunshine and rain, and each heaven-sent blessing,
To make them expand, the Divine will expressing,
 And their beauty and fragrance impart,

So with youth as they come from an endless creation,
And, driven by nature to secure education,
 Should be nourished and tended with care.
As the sunshine and rain are enlarging the flowers,
So our youth need assistance to strengthen their powers
 For the future in which they must share.

But there comes a time, as the season progresses,
When a thought of the future on each mind impresses
 The hope that the autumn will bring,
From fields that are waving in rich, golden splendor,
Which betoken a bountiful harvest to render,
 Rich reward for the labor of spring.

On Life's Border We Stand.

And thus stands our class and our future seems bright,
While our youth, like the springtime, has taken its flight.

What the harvest will be may be known :
For to farmers who toil the yield does not forsake them;
But our lives have to be just what we may make them,
And each one must struggle alone.

There are many to-day who are facing life's dawn,
With sighs just as tender for youth past and gone,
And with hopes just as bright as our own ;
But they seem to forget, for the future preparing,
That what they have learned is not worth comparing
To that which there is to be known.

For the world is a school, and its practical knowledge
Cannot be obtained in a school house or college,
But in contact with life's busy throng ;
And ofttimes the fairest youth-dreams we have cherished
Will fade like a flower which in using has perished,
So our hearts must be valiant and strong

On Life's Border We Stand.

To meet all the trials of life uncomplaining,
For with each disappointment new strength we'll be
gaining,

And the truth of this maxim is found :
That the sorrows of life, if treated with gladness,
Will lose from their gloom more than half of its sadness;
And in place of pain, joy will abound.

As the dawn of a century toward us is speeding,
The chances for young folks, who true lives are leading,
Than at this time were never more bright ;
For the world is the field, with its boundless resources,
Which is calling to-day, and it needs our best forces
For honesty, justice and right.

We may not win fortune, we may not win fame,
For ofttimes the world's praise is only a name
Which so many strive to possess ;

On Life's Border We Stand.

Though our station be humble, in all that we do,
Our lives may be honest and noble and true,
And this is the highest success.

To our teachers and friends, by whose tireless devotion
Our class is enabled to launch on life's ocean,
The thanks of the class we would tender ;
And we hope that our lives may be spent with the view
To honor their efforts so noble and true,
And the precepts they've striven to render.

For the school and its surroundings we have naught but
words of praise,
'Mid the very best environments have passed our early
days ;
May our lives, firmly anchored in truth,
Repay your endeavors unselfishly shown,
And the good seed your kindness has patiently sown
In the glad, happy springtime of youth.

On Life's Border We Stand.

In all the marts of life are those who've gone this way
before :

They are sailing on life's river, we are standing on the
shore ;

They welcome us among them with cheers.

In turn we'll greet our school-mates with rejoicing deep
and strong,

As each class shall bring its numbers to swell the joyous
throng,

On and on through the flight of years.

But our meetings now are over, our class must separate ;
And as we face life's stormy scenes, to conquer over
fate,

Our thoughts will ever twine
Around the Cattaraugus School, and as classes come
and go,

We hope, amid life's changes, you will find time to
bestow

A thought upon the Class of '99.

On Life's Border We Stand.

So, to-night on the border of life we are standing,
To-morrow's bright sun in its beauty expanding,
 As it dawns on a day just begun,
Will bring to our lives new hopes and ambitions,
And present in its fullness to our eager visions
 A life to be fought—and won.

Sparks from the Embers.

There floats not a cloud without sunshine behind it.
There's gladness in life if we only will find it.

MANY people make their troubles seem larger by looking at them as through an opera glass, while they diminish the blessings of life in the same way—only by viewing them through the wrong end.

THERE is a true saying, that we should never speak of another unless we can say something good of him. Perhaps that is the reason so many of us are not spoken of at all.

WE all know that riches are liable to take unto themselves wings and fly away; yet everyone seems more than willing to take the risk.

THE man who expects to become prominent through the fame of his wife cannot always be said to "control his own destiny."

IF we all knew as much as we think we know there would be no further need of colleges.

A YOUNG man, having acquired a good share of the knowledge that is possible in this advanced age, may, on leaving college, turn aside from it all, and without the least humiliation to himself, bow down before an old gray-haired man who, perhaps, never saw a college, and learn from the school of experience.

SCIENTISTS claim that there is great danger in kissing. But how courageous we all are when face to face with such awful dangers!

A BASEBALL player finishing a score is like the rich man trying to avoid the tax collector—he would like to make his home run.

THE man who thinks he knows it all unconsciously gives the impression that he has not tried to store his mind with knowledge to any great extent; because one who has made the least attempt to study very deeply soon discovers that he knows absolutely nothing compared to the vast amount which is to be known.

IT is actually true that the office sometimes seeks the man; but nobody ever knew of it being a game of hide and seek.

A MAN who takes a loaf of bread when he is hungry, steals, and is called a thief; but the bank cashier who makes away with \$500,000 belonging to the bank, only defrauds, and is called an embezzler. So goes the world!

MANY people try to imagine what an immense hole will be left in the world when they are called hence. And they are generally the very ones who are so anxious to cut a figure in the world, too!

“YOU bring cold comfort,” said the anxious parent to the man who was delivering ice for the sick child.

NO matter what happens, always make the best of everything—especially butter.

FROM the time a man holds the office of pathmaster until he obtains a seat in Congress, he is a mere politician; if he is in a position to help his nation out of a difficulty, he is a diplomat; after he dies, he is a statesman.

IT is not always a farmer who raises a crop of corn. I have seen a hen do the same thing.

MAN shudders with horror no longer at the ravages of wars, pestilences, famines and such like small things, but bows in abject humiliation, owning himself conquered, before his most deadly enemy—the microbe.

PHRENOLOGISTS tell us that there is a certain bump on a man's head which, if developed, causes a spirit of combativeness. On the other hand, it is very often a spirit of combativeness that causes the bump.

“ANOTHER dash for the poll,” said the man with the newspaper, as he struck at a fly on his bald head.

THE man who so far disregards the laws of society as to eat while in his shirt-sleeves is a queer old fogey, if he is poor; but if he is rich, he is only an eccentric old gentleman.

THE man who will have nothing to do with the church because there is someone in it who is a hypocrite, unconsciously places himself on a level with that person, because he admits that he, perhaps, would not do any better.

IT is evident that some marriages are not contracted in Heaven; on the contrary—

THE silent man says nothing, of course. The man who is not silent very often says the same thing.

THE reports say that the war in the Philippines is over. That is correct, of course. We all knew it was over—in the Philippines.

ACTIONS speak louder than words. The people who listen to the voice of a man in church on Sunday are very few compared to those who listen to the greater sound of his actions through the week.

WE hear very often that some folks have elastic consciences. Of course, those are the ones who are most liable to yield to temptation.

WE often read of people who go abroad without leaving their native land—by means of a dynamite explosion, for instance.

As we all know, colleges are founded and run mainly for the purpose of filling with knowledge the waste places on the inside of the students' heads; but all that seems to be accomplished in some cases is to enlarge the outside proportions of the same.

WHEN the wine is in, the wit is out—and sometimes all of it.

IF a man wins success in life it is by his own efforts; if not, it is the hand of fate.

WE often count our blessings as we do eggs, a half dozen at a time; while we seem to take pleasure in counting our troubles singly.

IT is claimed that a man's character is affected by the condition of the weather. So it is, if our language at certain times is any indication.

“ARE you a football player”? asked the landlord of his tenant.
“No sir,” replied the tenant. “I thought perhaps you were,” said the landlord, “as you are a quarter-back—on your rent.”

A MAN who has more money than he can find use for, cannot stop adding to his store any more than a farmer with more land than he needs already, can resist buying that "forty acre strip 'jinin'."

IT is true that our troubles are greatly increased by constantly thinking about them. Why can't we do the same with our blessings?

THERE is humor in everything—especially in a joke on the other fellow.

YOU cannot judge the capabilities of a man by his looks, any more than you can judge the power of a locomotive by its outward appearance.

I SUPPOSE the reason why so many people think they ought to "take the cake" in everything must be because they have the "dough."

THE man who is most desirous of raising the mortgage on his farm is sometimes the one who is too shiftless to raise the crops for the purpose.

IT is better to smile than to frown. Then laugh.

THERE is a vast difference between the realms of theory and practice. When we hear the many fine qualities of the fountain pen we live for a time in the pleasant land of theory; but when we come to test those excellent qualities for ourselves, we suddenly drop right back into the cold, cruel world of practice.

THE clerk in a large city store may not belong to the army, but he certainly knows the counter-sign.

THERE is a certain quality which is of great benefit in connection with knowledge, but which is not always acquired with it, and which helps to make many men successful without a great amount of education, namely—plain common-sense.

IT is thought to be necessary for the man who wishes to be successful in politics to have a "pull"; but it is certain that to be successful in that, or any other line, one must also have "push."

THERE is no need to spend much time in courting trouble. It is not bashful.

THERE is only one great difficulty with all the so-called flying machines which have appeared up to the present time—they don't fly.

THERE are many men who do not know what failure means; but the man who is successful after breasting the storms of adversity is the one who appreciates life most.

THE sorrows of life are many; therefore, by our actions we should make them seem as few as possible. The pleasures of life are few; therefore, we should make the most of them.

WE often go so far out of our way in search of something to worry about that when happiness comes knocking for admittance at our very doors we are not at home to welcome him.









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